

Damned be the Po! Here we there again 15th
class + I apologise for the delay. Let us
know if the next sent 26 Nov. even in 1972
have 23 to 24 folk!

JUST THINK DEAR, THIS IS OUR
100TH ISSUE OF NA

BIG DEAL.

HOOSIER ARCHIVES

25 NOVEMBER 1972

AND INCORPORATING
NAORG-OLPID

Hoosier Archives was originally a periodic listing of the Diplomacy archives of Walter Buchanan, R. F. #3, Lebanon, Indiana 46052, telephone (317)482-2824; Archives Director, Postal Diplomacy Congress, and V-P/Treas., International Diplomacy Association. It is now primarily a Diplomacy gazette devoted to articles on good play, demonstration games such as the Multiple Winners Invitational (1972CR) now in progress, rating systems, and game news. Information from the archives is vital for all this and is available to the public as well. Although the archives is virtually complete in at least xerox form, missing undamaged originals are solicited, either for purchase or a loan to permit xeroxing. (See the last archives listing in Hoosier Archives #53 for lines needed.) Many original spaces are now available from the archives; more are solicited so as to make them available to others. A subscription to Hoosier Archives is 13/\$2.00 or 6/\$1.00; back issues are 15¢ apiece (20% discount for all available). Ask for #87 to get a list of all articles through #90. This is Albatross Press publication #109.

MULTIPLE WINNERS INVITATIONAL (1972CR)
(Average Aces Trophy Game)
Winter 1903

AND THEN THERE WERE SIX

ENGLAND: (McCallum)	F Nth refuses to retreat /d/. Builds A Liv. (Also has: F Nwg)
FRANCE: (Kirsan)	Builds F Bre. (Also has: F Nat, A Lon, F Eng, A Pic, A L, A Mar)
GERMANY: (Prosnitz)	Constant. (Has: F Nth, F Den, A Hel, A Ruh, A Mun)
ITALY: (Beyerlein)	Builds F Nap. (Also has: A Ven, A Tri, A Alb, F Gre, F Aeg)
RUSSIA: (Ver Ploeg)	Builds F StP(nc), A Mos. (Also has: F Nwy, F Ska, A Fin, A War, A Vie A Bud, F Rum)
TURKEY: (Lakofka)	F Aeg R Eas. Builds F Smy. (Also has: A Ser, A Bul, F bio)

Spring 1904 Orders are due not later than noon (9:00 A.M. for phone calls) on Saturday, 9 December 1972. (Press releases and Brooks' analysis will be published next season.)

Notice to IDA members: In the "Tactical Problem" by Edi Kirsan on p. 8 of Diplomacy Review #4, English F North Sea was inadvertently omitted. This should be added before solving the problem.

DEDICATION

Craustark set a tradition of dedicating the 100th issue to someone that had made a great contribution to the hobby. Naturally, the first person to be so honored was Allan Callinan. We would now like to dedicate this issue to the person we believe has made the greatest contribution to the postal hobby, Red Walker. During the 6 years that he was active in the hobby, Red made it what it is today. When Red entered the hobby in 1966, less than a dozen zines were going and barely 50 postal games had ever been started. Today, due in large part to Red's tireless efforts in introducing newcomers to the hobby, the hobby is at least 5 times as large as it was then and is growing rapidly. Red also kept it tied together in an organized whole due to the massive statistical records he kept. The hobby will certainly miss him.

(Many thanks to Ted Holcombe for the outstanding cover on this issue.)

As an archivist I have always been very interested in the history of our hobby, and for issue #100 I wanted something special. Luck was with me, as below you will find a very interesting account of the very genesis of our postal hobby and what led up to it.

MEMORIES OF THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

OR, TO QUOTE STEPHEN POTTER,

HOW TO WIN AT GAMES WITHOUT ACTUALLY KNOWING HOW TO PLAY THEM

by Bob Ward and C. Friesner von Metzke

It all started in Mrs. Hollingsworth's English class. But I digress. But then, the English class was itself a digression - a brief interlude between organizing the Beethoven birthday parties, disrupting the school nominating conventions for student officers, and plotting the violent overthrow of decorum through "Mr. Miner Tie Day."

See, there was this group of outpatients - erroneously so, I fear - which maintained an interest in things military: warships, war history, armies, aeroplanes, blood, gore, and other pleasant relaxations. Some of the group survived the trauma of graduation and consequent end of adolescence, and thus the remnants remained in touch when, one day in late 1961, a clap of thunder crashed in the heavens, the clouds burst asunder, and a huge paw descended....

But what, you may ask, does this have to do with Diplomacy? Well, have patience and you will soon learn.

By coincidence, more or less planned, the hard core of this cadre consisted of five people - just the right number for an abbreviated form of this weird new game. Not enough to play it right, or well, but sufficient to serve as a substitute for work, study, or other beneficial occupations.

One day, as he was watching Jon Sutherland eat his Pepsi cup, von Metzke noticed an ad in the Saturday Review classified: "Kill seven with one blow. Write Games Research." So von Metzke wrote, and so did Rod Walker. The latter got a reply somewhat sooner, mainly because he remembered to include the money. What presented itself was a sickly purple box and a set of unintelligible rules, plus some strange pieces of scrap wood and a few misprinted maps of Europe. All in all, about \$1.49 worth for the special low price of \$6.50 - in a word, "Diplomacy." (Copyright 1959, Allan B. Calhamer. Copyright 1961, Games Research Inc., 48 Wareham St., Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A.)

Feeling rather badly Dorothy Parkered, we began to play Diplomacy. (Incidentally, Rod Walker was not one of the original high school group. However, his forlorn pleas for sanity were quickly disposed of by a vote of six to one, and the issue was never raised again.) Von Metzke brought the cokes, Doug Johnson, Ltd., drank them, Rod Walker provided the house and the paper, Leonard Garland passed out the religious tracts, and Bob Ward kept them all fascinated by his analysis of the last elections. In the background, Ralph Clew and Iac Crawford, left with nothing better to do, surreptitiously and rather naively read the rules and consequently started winning most of the games.

If you are reading this late at night, check your T.V. Guide, find the oldest movie listed, and turn on your set. Wait for the inevitable scene where the wind scatters the calendar pages. Let that represent, for our purposes, the period from 1961 to 1965. Clew and Crawford, due to service and marriage respectively, have regained their sanity and left the scene. Rod Walker has also been commissioned and presumably exchanged wooden blocks for real planes.

(While those calendar pages were flipping by, the group had briefly tried a game by mail that never made it past 1961. The idea was obviously impossible.)

It was at this point that von Metzke, for reasons still not clear, was the recipient of unexpected mail from some nut named Dan Brannan suggesting that this idiosyncrasy could also be conducted by mail. Knowing it would never work - having tried it - von Metzke wrote to tell him so. Unfortunately the message got garbled in translation and resulted in immediate enrollment in six games. (Ward was enrolled in three, even though he hadn't even been mentioned in the letter.)

Thereafter, the downhill grade was steep and slippery. Well before winning the first of these games, von Metzke had the audacity to start his own magazine, Costaguana, a feat

he has repeated three times since - with the same magazine. Worse luck, well before being annihilated in the same game while helping von Metzke win - involuntarily, it later developed - Ward carried the downhill slide into the realm of an avalanche by concocting Marseilles.

All of these play-by-mail games had a certain flatness for the San Diego crew, eliminating as they did the "Flying Dutchman," a favorite tactic in the San Diego face-to-face games which often had 39 or 40 units for the 34 centers. It was while trying to find a way to introduce this useful device to mail play that the game was shown to Bob Cline and Hal Naus, cleverly disguised that night as bridge players. Their immediate interest showed immediately their dummy character.

Both gentlemen (?) had friends, long since estranged, who were sooner or later roped into a game by Cline's favorite and generally successful tactic of arriving at your house, telling you what it was you were going to be doing, and refusing to leave until you did it. After eight hours or so Bob had read all your Playboys and smoked all your cigarettes and things were likely to get unpleasant. On one phenomenal night, Bob managed to put together a 37-person Diplomacy party, played almost entirely in two small bedrooms and the back seat of a Nash.

From these humble beginnings the San Diego crew went on to establish their place in Diplomacy history - somewhere about midway between tourist and steerage. The hobby, of course, has never recovered, and Saturday Review has quite deservedly gone broke.* There must be a moral here, but anyone who seriously plays Diplomacy will never find it, much less care.

*We are aware that Saturday Review has had a rebirth, for which we must disclaim all responsibility.

NEWS OF THE REALM

1. REINSEL'S UNITED STATES VARIANT. Hal Naus (1011 Barrett Ave., Chula Vista, Cal. 92011), one of the oldest publishers in the business, will be CMing a game of this interesting variant that Charles Reinsel has designed. Each player starts off with 3 states and tries to get 25 to win. If interested, send Hal a list of 6 states since someone else might have one of your first 3 picks. I don't know what the fee is, but I'm sure it's very low.

By the way, the designer of the game, Charles Reinsel (Box 8342, San Diego, Cal. 92102), still has regular game openings in Big Brother at \$7.00 a slot. Hurry though, since this goes up to \$8.00 on January 1st. If you like a reliable error-free game, even that is a bargain since Charles has the best long-run publishing record in the hobby. You can bank on Big Brother being in the mailbox every 2 weeks without fail.

2. LIAISONS DANGEREUSES. If you haven't seen Len Lakofka's zine lately, you are missing something. Issue #37 contained among other things, game news, Len's new rating system - the Rogues Gallery, an account of a visit to the famed Hoosier Archives (blush!), "Musings" by Terry Maudlin, a turtles article from International Wargamer, and more games than you can count. All this for only a sub rate of 10/\$2.00. Rush off your check to Len at: 4970 N. Marine Drive, Apt. 525, Chicago, Ill. 60640.

3. THE POLISH GAME. The funniest zine in the hobby has got to be Jastrzab by Stan Wrobel (? Poland Village Blvd., Poland, Ohio 44514). To top it off, he has just started an all-Polish game that should have some of the funniest press releases ever. Well, it's almost all Polish. Watch Edi Birnanski get tromped by 4 real and 2 semi-Poles. What is a semi-Pole, Stan?! Is that a large Pole hitched to a tractor?! Anyway, send Stan \$1.50 for the next 10 exciting issues.

4. 1962A. Would you like to get into the oldest postal Diplomacy game ever played? As unbelievable as it may seem, a game has been discovered that started before the first game in Graustark in 1963, but was never finished. We therefore have a 10-year-old orphan on our hands! Conrad von Metzke (Box 8342, San Diego, Cal. 92102) has decided that because of its historical value this game should be finished and I agree. Anyway, he now needs replacement players for some of the positions and he is giving them away free. Write him and make history!

5. FREE DIPLOMACY GAME. One of the oldest publishers in the business, Bob Ward (8665 Florin Rd., #176, Sacramento, Cal. 95828), has a hankering to start a new Dippy zine, Girdle Tugger. The last I heard he still had openings for a free game he's offering, so write him.

Naorg-Olpid (also known as NO!) is published on a hit-or-miss (mostly miss) schedule by Carol Ann Buchanan, R. R. #3, Lebanon, Indiana 46052, a Charter Member of the Diplomacy Widows Association and unwilling typist, stapler and general flunky for that joke of a zine known as HA. No games, now or ever. For information on joining that fine service organization, the DWA (dedicated to the overthrow of Diplomacy--a service to all wives), write me and we can plot together. There's strength in numbers!

DEAR CAROL ANN

With this issue we begin another service to lonely and/or frustrated Diplomacy Widows--an advice column. It seems that wives aren't the only ones Dippy players ignore for I have recently heard from two cats who are disturbed by their master's Diplomacy playing. One poor cat has even been coerced into typing his master's Dippy zine (sound familiar?). So on to the cat letters. The first is from Zeukenakepakemiquepi Liesnard (owned by Michel Liesnard), Avenue Evariste de Neersman, 43, Berchem-Sainte-Agathe, B-1080 Bruxelles, Belgium. She writes:

Dear Carol-Ann, Yesterday in the evening, I was drowsing on the shoulders of my owner a certain Michel Liesnard, while that backstabber was reading a colorful publication entitled "Hoosier Archives". I write "drowsing" and not "sleeping" because to be close to that paper usually gets on my nerves, and I was ready to leave my uncomfortable position when my attention was drawn by three letters: DWA.

I read your article about DipCon V and soon became convinced that the organization you are setting up is useful and necessary. I know I am only a kitten, but I am also a neglected female, just because the perfidious man on the bed of whom I sleep "does not want to come stupidly meowing on his Diplomacy boards". Moreover, the only boyfriend I am allowed to meet, Coupa, is a doctored Diplomacy player!

These are the reasons why I want to become an active member of the "Diplomacy Widows Association". Please would you tell me what I must do for this, and how much is the membership fee?

Awaiting your answer, I remain, Dear Carol-Ann, Yours faithfully, Zeukenakepakemiquepi.

Dear Zeukenakepakemiquepi: You have already fulfilled the requirements of a member of DWA--you have a hatred of Diplomacy! The DWA charges no membership fee as we are all in this together and need all the help we can get. So consider yourself an active member. And let me say that I can sympathize with you when you say that "to be close to that paper (Hoosier Archives) gets on your nerves"--it gets on my nerves to be close to it too!

Now, as to your problem of boyfriends. My advice is to begin sabotaging your master's Diplomacy things until he agrees to let you have the boyfriend of your choice. Some suggestions: move those little wooden blocks around (putting deep tooth marks in them in the process); or even remove a few when he's not looking; spill the ink bottle on his desk and then track your dainty kitten prints all over his important Dippy letters and treaties, and catch mice, proudly bringing them in to your master when he's asleep. I'm sure you can also think of more devious things to do once you get started. Have fun!

The second letter was an open letter to me in Richard L. Hull's new zine, Tangelo's Express, which he graciously consented to name after his cat, Tangelo, since Tangelo "consented" (read "was coerced") to type the zine. That fiend Richard has even rigged up a tread-mill to his duplicator so that Tangelo can run off the zine. Tangelo, too, wants to join the DWA and as I mentioned before, he is eligible since he has a hatred for Diplomacy (and please note that we do not discriminate on the basis of sex in the DWA--we even have a notorious YOUR DIPLOMACY PLAYER who has joined, and we may reveal his name one day!).

Tangelo asks for advice on undermining Diplomacy. Please see my comment to the belgian kitten (maybe you two can get together!), Tangelo. Also importantly, keep adding those caustic remarks in the zine--they are priceless and help win members to the cause, but above all--DON'T VOLUNTEER FOR ANY DIPPY RELATED JOBS! If your master asks you if you can do such-and-such a thing, the answer is always NO! (Chic Hilliker's wife: Are you listening? If asked, you DON'T remember how to type!)

The last remark I have to make is one that I am being forced to add by the editor of HA "since I was discussing Tangelo Express and would therefore want to print a plug for it." See, Tangelo, even having your own zine doesn't leave you free to publish what you want to--but I'm publishing this plug only so that people can see what a slavedriver your master is and join the cause against this low form of slavery! The plug follows.

"Richard Hull (4720 Cloyne, Apt. 2, Oxnard, Cal. 93030) has started a new Dippy zine, Tangelo Express. It looks like it will be quite good and funny, too. Rich's cat, Tangelo, does the typing ((Boo, hiss)) and has already made application to join the Diplomacy Widows Association! Rich, by the way, is no novice. He has had a lot of experience in CMing the BICL National Diplomacy Open Tournament. He also is interested in building an archives (or does this ever give you opportunities for sabotage, Tangelo!) so I hope all publishers will trade with him. For now, Rich has only one game open since he is taking over a couple of orphan games. The fee is around \$3.00 and subs are 7/\$1 or 10/\$1 (3rd class). Write Rich for details." There, now back to my own advice.

The last letter is from "Frantic in Friendshipville." She writes: "Help! A hoard of Dippy players are descending for an all day/night Dippy game. What shall I feed them (besides arsenic)?"

Carol Johnson (Box 134, Whippary, N.J. 07981) has graciously submitted a menu of authentic dishes representative of the country of each player. Carol has recipes for these dishes which she is willing to share with anyone interested (send a SSAS). For lunch, serve a Ploughman's Lunch from England: Freshly baked bread, a generous portion of cheddar cheese, a couple of pickled onions, and a pint of bitter ale.

For dinner, serve the following: SOUP: Mediterranean Fisherman's Soup with Hot Pepper Sauce (France) and Cold Sour Cherry Soup (Austria-Hungary); SALAD: Celery Root and Apple Salad (Germany); VEGETABLES: Braised Red Cabbage in Red Wine with Chestnuts (France), Grated Potato Pudding (Russia), and White Beans with Tomatoes and Garlic (Italy); FISH: Fried Herring with Onion Sauce (Russia); MEAT: Bratwurst in Sweet/Sour Sauce (Germany); BREAD: Semolina Cakes baked with Butter and Cheese (Italy); DESSERT: Salzburg Souffle (Austria-Hungary); and BEVERAGE: To each his own!

Tune in next issue for more advice on the overthrow of Diplomacy!

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

The following special announcement was received in our office from an unidentified source in San Diego.

SAN DIEGO (20 November 1972): The famous Convair "Gooney Bird," a converted DC-3 used to carry large aircraft and missile sections to aircraft and missile assembly plants in Long Beach and elsewhere, today took off on a special mission.

Newly decorated in shocking pink and baby blue, the new "Cow Pastures I" departed San Diego for an unknown destination. Before taking off from Runway 27L, near the PMA Hanger, the aircraft was christened with a bottle of baby formula and goat's milk.

Although the cargo aboard the special flight was not disclosed, the following facts have been determined by sources here:

(1) The Cargo Manifest lists:

Passengers: 1

Sex: Yes

Age: Undetermined

Wt.: 8 lbs., 6 oz.

Cargo: 100 tons of disposable diapers, 200 gallons of nonfat dry milk, 10 tons of baby powder, and 500 safety pins.

(2) Loud noises of "Baasaaahhhhh!!!!!! Gurgle, slurp!", etc. were heard by reporters prior to lift-off.

(3) The crew consists of Chief Captain Benjamin Stork; Radio Man: Harvey Shadblat; Stewardess: Amy Vanderpelt.

Just before takeoff, the cargo supervisor was giving Captain Stork instructions: "You will take off, go to cruising altitude, normal speed. You will avoid all unnecessary rough spots and maintain a gentle rocking motion while in flight. You will head due northeast for about 2,000 miles, circle the nearest cow pasture and drop your cargo by parachute. You will personally, Captain Stork, deliver the Very Special Person on board (VSP-1)."

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